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WEBSTER'S

FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION

1825

WITH

PREFACE, INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES

BY

A. J. GEORGE, A.M.

INSTRUCTOR IN RHETORIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NEWTON, MASS., HIGH SCHOOL

"The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

BOSTON, U.S.A.

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TO

MY FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE

EDWARD J. GOODWIN

" BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties; prompt to move, but firm to wait;
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found;
That, for the functions of an ancient State —
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate —
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound."

PREFACE.

WHEN we study the history of those nations which have given to the world models of art in literature, we are surprised often at the meagreness of the literature of oratory in these nations. Numerous as are the occasions when great audiences have been moved to thought and action by the words of a leader, very few are the instances where these words have been so treasured by time that they hold a place among the great classics; whereas the literature of poetry in the same nations is abundant in evidence of immortality. This apparent discrimination in favor of the poet is evidently due to the fact that the occasional oratory, effective as it may have been at the time, did not approach near enough to great poetry to possess the element which the Germans call *unendlichkeit*, infinitude, or universality; it did not rise out of the limitations of time and place into the sphere of great truths where all art must live and move and have its being.

It is interesting and profitable to compare the poetry of oratory with the oratory of poetry. Such a study reveals the kinship of poet and orator, that in the infancy of literary art the two are one in virtue of the shaping and transforming power of imagination, — "the vision and the faculty divine" — which protests against the unreality of a life in which the senses are supreme.

In that distant past, when our Saxon forefathers — story-loving, story-telling people —

> "Went about their gravest deeds
> Like noble boys at play,"

poetry, philosophy, and oratory were born from a common parent; they have now wandered so far from their old home that they hardly recognize it; nor do they treat each other as children of one household. The Gleeman stood forth in the assembly of the tribe on the forest hill-tops — or in the mead-hall hung with glittering armor, shield, spear, and coat of mail — and tuned his harp and voice to the wild passion of victory, or to the pathetic wail of defeat; or with eager joy sang the praise of some hero, strong in body and great in soul, and wove a tale that inspired his listeners to grasp their armor with a determination to do and to be, as he uttered that note of freedom, when

> "Woe, woe to tyrants! from his lyre
> Broke threateningly in sparkles dire
> Of fierce, vindictive song."

In these modest, sincere, artless, and impassioned songs we have the secret of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator; the secret which baffles analysis and defies definition. These ballads — sung *by* men whose only motive for singing was to reveal bravery and nobility, sung *of* men whose interest in life was loyalty and trueheartedness — still remain models of

> "Truth-breathed music, soul-like lays;
> Not of vain-glory born, nor love of praise,
> But welling purely from profound heart-springs,
> That lie deep down amid the life of things,
> And singing on, heedless though mortal ear
> Should never their lone murmur hear."

By stimulating curiosity, or a desire to know; obedience, or a desire to do; and admiration, or a desire to become; these unknown singers open wide the doors which lead to the kingdom of life and art. They seem to anticipate Browning's *Abt Vogler* who sang:

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear;
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and the woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason, and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

When life and art become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; when the vigor and spontaneity of youth are lost in an over-refined civilization, fortunate are we if we listen to the prophets who cry,

"Art has truth, take refuge there,"

and seeking these well-springs of health and sweetness, there find comfort and peace,

"For there is shed
On spirits that have long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world."

Although we know how impartial time is in enforcing the rule that nothing but the truly excellent, nothing but that which has in it the universal, and is a joy to the maker and the user, can be admitted to the sacred temple presided over by the goddess of beauty; yet we believe that American literature, in the sphere of poetry and oratory, has already received the crown of the beautiful, the true, and the good. In witness of this, look into Westminster Abbey, where Longfellow and Lowell find fit society, and into Harvard's Memorial Hall where Webster is given a place as one of the seven great orators of the world.

The order of development of literary art upon American soil was first oratory, — of the pulpit and the forum, — and then poetry, — of nature and of man. The early days of our history were such as tried men's souls. Strenuous activity in church and state demanded clear vision and persuasive utterance. The cradle of the infant state was made of the toughest fibre from hearts of oak. The oratory born out of such a condition of affairs is stamped with the image and superscription of America; it is the most typically national of any of our achievements in the sphere of art. Our poetry — the growth of a period when the pioneer constructive work had been completed; when the questions of government and religion were settled — was more cosmopolitan, and hence less peculiarly American. The sweetest singer, and perhaps the greatest artist, of our band of poets is read and loved not less in England than in America.

While the occasional oratory of the Revolution and of the Rebellion reached high-water mark, of no American orator, except Daniel Webster, can it be said that — before a jury, in the Supreme Court of the United States, on great historical occasions, and in the Senate of the United States — his every utterance was classic in form and national in spirit.

The reason for this is not in those elements of chance, the times, the nature of the subjects, the condition of the national mind; these have always been, but have not always been revealed to later generations, because the only creative force in the world — a great personality — was not present to seize the permanent and the true in them, and give it form.

The only *cause* in the sphere of Webster's art, the only *cause* in the world of art, is personality; to reach this is to reach the centre and source of all things in Nature and human

life. It is through great men that God's revelations reach us. Carlyle has said, that the history of the world is the biography of great men, and that admiration for a great personality is the most vivifying influence in the life of a man. Emerson voices the same sentiment where he tells us to beware when God sends a great soul upon the planet, for then all things are in danger.

The unity of literary art has its source in God, and the unity in the work of any great artist is in his own personality. To come into vital relations with the artist through the medium of his works; to become his friend to whom he may reveal the secrets of his mind and heart; to become quickened by his spirit, and receptive to his ideals, as the waters are to the sky's influence, — this is to gain the central motive of a great life, and is the end of all true literary interpretation. Where this is done, order reigns where before all seemed chaotic, and one feels a thrill of emotion akin to that which the author had in creating the work.

"If there did not something else go to the making of literature," says John Burroughs, "besides mere literary parts, how long ago the old bards and Biblical writers would have been superseded by the learned and gentlemanly versifiers of later times. . . . Only those books are for the making of men into which a man has gone in the making."

Lowell, who was a most stimulating and successful teacher of the great literatures, was wont to praise Johnson for saying that "whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

The growth of Webster's mind and art from the first college

exercise to those great speeches in the Senate of the United States, is the gradual unfolding of that mysterious something which defies analysis, but which is everywhere present and to which we give the name of genius.

The Bunker Hill oration represents one stadium in the course of this movement; it is therefore a history and a prophecy; it reveals what has been and gives glimpses of heights that are higher. In the national spirit, the quality of imagination, the depth of passion, the breadth of sympathy, the steady and strong undercurrent of the religious feeling, — in these we have revealed the essential elements of Webster's mind and art. In this continual transpiration of character, one sees the style *Websterian*, and when this has been revealed, it will be no hardship to follow the author through the minute details in the handling of words, sentences, and paragraphs, and the processes of description, narration, exposition, and persuasion, by which the qualities of clearness, force, and beauty are attained.

It has been said that the proper object of education is the training of the powers of observation, judgment, expression, memory, and the creation of high ideals of life.

Will the study of literature be as effective in gaining the former of these ends as in furnishing means for the latter? Literature is indeed a fine art and its end is inspiration, not information: its law is enjoyment as a condition for right understanding. Every form of art is the embodiment of method, and to gain the principles governing that method is as laborious and painstaking a process — and the same in kind — as that required to comprehend the laws of mechanics or geology.

The subject, whether it be a lyric, an epic, or a drama, an

essay, an oration, or a novel, is the territory to be studied. The method is observation and induction. The teacher is the guide whose duty it is to select the ground to be visited, and to make the approach to it in such a way that the pupil may do his own seeing, and may thus develop the powers of *observation;* that he may determine the difference between the tilting of the various strata, the constitution of soil, and the rock formation, and thus *compare* and *judge;* that he may record his observations, formulate and state his conclusions, and thus develop *clear expression;* that he may retain impressions and conclusions, and thus strengthen *memory.* Thus we see that the manner of gaining facts in the examination of a work of art is essentially the same as that in the examination of a section of the country for the facts of its formation, etc. Why, then, should not the one exercise be as useful as the other as an educational process?

Hence, while maintaining that the end of literary study should be access of power through insight into and assimilation of the elements of truth and beauty, we insist, none the less, that if properly ordered, the study will promote strength and discipline of mind.

The new requirements in English for College Entrance Examinations will do much to raise the character of English teaching in secondary schools, and will make the editing of English classics something other than the mechanical work it has often seemed to be. A masterpiece of literary art must be presented in such a manner that its study will lead naturally and necessarily to the study of other works of the same author, and to the works of other authors in the same literary period. Such study will lead to an appreciation not only of a great artist but also of the national spirit which developed that art

and which is revealed by it. Webster's *First Bunker Hill Oration* and Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America* are edited to meet the above requirements. Both of these selections are set for the college preparatory work, the examination upon which presupposes a thorough study of the subject-matter, the form, and the period — literary and political — which they represent.

These speeches are the highest types of oratory in the two great English-speaking nations, and the study of them should lead to a genuine appreciation of the noble character and lofty ideals of these great men. Burke and Webster are models in the forensic literature of our own language as truly as are Demosthenes and Cicero in the language of the ancient classics. Each has distinct and inimitable characteristics which give force and beauty to his work. The study of each should be ordered in such a way as to put one in touch with those qualities of mind and heart, of intellectual and moral manhood, by which each became a leader in political philosophy and a model in literary style. One who studies such authors in order to formulate a historical or a personal estimate merely, or to compare each as to certain externals of rhetorical form, has lost the true perspective of literary judgment. "The little conceited specialist," says Phillips Brooks, "with small curiosity, and less obedience, and no admiration, is incapable of the fullest approach and entrance of truth."

Reading in the school and in the home is far too often pursued with a purpose to controvert and prove rather than to weigh and consider. Reading which does not result in enlarging, stimulating, and refining one's nature is but a busy idleness. The schools should do something to correct the desultory and dissipating methods of reading, so prevalent in the home.

Pupils must be stimulated first of all to enjoy what is beautiful in nature and art: for here is

> "A world of ready wealth,
> Their minds and hearts to bless —
> Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

The wisdom of the classroom is too often "art tongue-tied by authority," and hence it is not wisdom at all, but a sham and a pretence. Not until pupils rise to the spontaneity which betokens a genuine love for the work in hand do they secure the richest results.

I am constrained to protest against the method of annotation which prevails to such an extent in our text-books of English literature, — a method which pauperizes both teacher and pupil. When the notes furnish facts — biographical, historical, or linguistic — instead of showing where they may be found; when they present criticism — æsthetic, philosophical, or textual — instead of directing to the sources of such criticism, they are mischievous in the extreme. By such a method the teacher is led to believe that success in teaching depends upon ability to dilate upon such material, and he begins at once to magnify these trifles until they obscure completely the end of reading; sympathy with great truths and great men, love of beautiful conception and artistic execution languish and die; while by this same method the pupil is taught to believe that his ability to read depends upon his *scholarship* in getting up notes — a mere lip service.

Although Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare may have been worthless as regards scholarship, yet the Preface shows vigorous English as well as colossal good sense. His remarks

on the use of notes are so fresh, so independent, and so suggestive, that I cannot refrain from quoting them.

"Notes are often necessary," he says, "but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop to correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the names of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness and read the commentators."

When teachers insist upon notes that stimulate inquiry and send the mind on voyages of discovery, we may be assured such notes will be furnished; but so long as they are apathetic, and love scholastic ease and padded texts, so long must they

"Pore and dwindle as they pore."

When both teacher and pupil look through the broad windows and breathe the atmosphere admitted through the open doors of imagination, instead of peering through the chinks and breathing the stifling air of the workshop, they will run and not be weary.

At the meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 27, 1852, commemorative of Mr. Webster's life and work, Mr. Edward Everett said: "Whoever, in after time, shall write the history of the United States for the last forty years will write the life of Daniel Webster; and whoever writes the life of Daniel Webster

as it ought to be written, will write the history of the Union from the time he took a leading part in its concerns." Mr. Choate, at a meeting of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Oct. 25, 1852, said: "Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime, and his countrymen have him all by heart."

If this volume shall aid in bringing the young of this generation "to have him all by heart," to ascend his imaginative heights and sit under the shadow of his profound reflections on that which is fundamental in civil and religious liberty, its purpose will be accomplished.

The references in the notes to The First Settlement of New England, The Reply to Hayne, The Constitution not a Compact, and Burke's Speech on American Taxation will be found in *Select Speeches of Daniel Webster*, and *Burke's American Orations*, published by D. C. Heath & Co., they being the only editions of these speeches having numbered lines. In order that those who have other editions may readily find the references, I have quoted initial words in each case.

A. J. G.

BROOKLINE, Nov. 1894.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. WEBSTER approaches as nearly to the *beau ideal* of a republican Senator as any man that I have ever seen in the course of my life; worthy of Rome or Venice rather than of our noisy and wrangling generation. — HALLAM.

Coleridge used to say that he had seldom known or heard of any great man who had not much of the woman in him. Even so the large intellect of Daniel Webster seemed to be coupled with all softer feelings; and his countenance and bearing, at the very first, impressed me with this. A commanding brow, thoughtful eyes, and a mouth that seemed to respond to all humanities. He deserves his fame, I am sure. — JOHN KENYON.

He is a magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, "This is our Yankee Englishman; such limbs we make in Yankee-land!" As a parliamentary Hercules one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion; that amorphous craglike face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff mouth, accurately closed; I have not traced so much of *silent Berserkir rage* that I remember of in any other man. — THOMAS CARLYLE.

When the historian shall look back upon the first century of the American Republic, the two names that will shine with most unfading lustre and the serenest glory, high above all others, are Washington and Webster. — PROFESSOR FELTON.

Consider the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred, one might have thought incompatible, forms of public speech, — that of the forum, with its double audience of bench and jury, of the halls of legislation, and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people. Consider, further, that this multiform eloquence, exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature in the strictest sense, — solid, attractive, rich, — and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. — RUFUS CHOATE.

The noblest monument to Daniel Webster is in his works. As a repository of political truth and practical wisdom, applied to the affairs of government, I know not where we shall find their equal. The works of Burke naturally suggest themselves to the mind, as the only writings in our language that can sustain the comparison. — EDWARD EVERETT.

He writes like a man who is thinking of his subject, and not of his style, and thus he wastes no time upon the mere garb of his thoughts. His style is Doric, not Corinthian. His sentences are like shafts hewn from the granite of his own hills, — simple, massive, strong. We may apply to him what Quinctilian says of Cicero, that a relish for his writings is itself a mark of good taste. — GEORGE S. HILLARD.

He taught the people of the United States, in the simplicity of common understanding, the principles of the Constitution and government of the country, and he wrought for them, in a style of matchless strength and beauty, the literature of statesmanship. He made his language the very household words of a nation. They are the library of the people. They are the school-book of the citizen. — JOHN D. LONG.

Take him for all in all, he was not only the greatest orator this country has ever known, but in the history of eloquence his name will stand with those of Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham and Burke. — HENRY CABOT LODGE.

It may be said that the style of Webster is pre-eminently distinguished by manliness. The intellect and moral manliness of Webster underlies all his great orations and speeches; and this plain force of manhood, this sturdy grapple with every question that comes before his understanding for settlement, leads him to reject all the meretricious aids and ornaments of mere rhetoric, and is prominent, among the many exceptional qualities of his large nature, which have given him a high position among the prose-writers of his country as a consummate master of English style. — EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

His broad, wise statesmanship is to be the ample and refreshing shade, his character the bright and breezy presence, in which all the members of this great and illustrious Republic may meet and sit down and feast together. — H. N. HUDSON.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

THIS uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.[1]

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground, distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We

see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.[1]

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent, without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.[2]

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles

of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it.[1] No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.[2]

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The Society whose organ I am[3] was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought, that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a

broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of men to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.[1] Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest

upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.[1]

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish cen-

turies are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not far the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve,[1] the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry, and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England.[2] We have a commerce, that leaves no sea unexplored; navies, which take no law from superior force; revenues, adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed, and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the

place where we stand to the south pole, is annihilated forever.

In the mean time, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge, such the improvement in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.[1]

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we still have among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call

to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence.[1] All is peace; and God has granted you the sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you![2]

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords

from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon";[1]

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! — how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure![2] This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and

Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feeling rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the 17th of June, 1775, nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and

interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the Province, and in that for shutting up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the Colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America.[1] It had been anticipated, that, while the Colonies in general would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power, which possessed the whole American people! Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized everywhere, to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest. The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned, in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism. "We are deeply affected," said its inhabitants, "with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Bos-

ton, some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors." These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters, assuring them that the cause was a common one, and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances; and in an address to the Congress, at Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last, of the immortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared, that this Colony "is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America."

But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof, and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread, than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined,

"totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet." [1]

War, on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it, and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plough was staid in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons, to the battles of a civil war. Death might come, in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. "Blandishments," said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined that, wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men."

The 17th of June saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever: one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out, till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the

Colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say, that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary state papers exhibit. These papers will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.[1]

To this able vindication of their cause, the Colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and given evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw, that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and, in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than had been recently known to fall in the wars of Europe.

Information of these events, circulating throughout the world, at length reached the ears of one who now hears me.[2] He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill, and the name of Warren, excited in his youthful breast.

SIR, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, Sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you

and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain, that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, Sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the corner-stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots, fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever!

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monu-

ments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. *Serus in cœlum redeas.* Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, O very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The leading reflection to which this occasion seems to invite us, respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age, that, in looking at these changes, and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider, not what has been done in our own country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current, strong enough to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge amongst men in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian

world is fast learning the great lesson, that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the *world* will hear it. A great cord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country; every wave rolls it; all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered; and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half-century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors or fellow-workers on the theatre of intellectual operation.

From these causes important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevails. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce which contribute to the comforts and the decencies of life; an augmentation which has far outrun the progress of population. And while the unexam-

pled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and their capacity.

Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made during the last half-century in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn for a moment to the contemplation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, have been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted, by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field; and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude, and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided, and the smoke cleared away, we may begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state and condition of human society. And, without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent, that, from the before-mentioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, highly favorable, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in

America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot-wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment, how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for setting the great example of popular governments.[1] The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great degree of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.[1]

It need not surprise us, that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the master-work of the world, to establish governments entirely popular on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, in a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won; yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has limited, and nothing can limit, the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in forms of government, to think and to reason, on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations, and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak

out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

When Louis the Fourteenth said: "I am the state," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the state; they are its subjects; it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding, in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian champion, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions: —

> "Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
> Give me TO SEE, — and Ajax asks no more."[1]

We may hope that the glowing influence of enlightened sentiment will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the

world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, or to execute the system of pacification by force, and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greek at the foot of the barbarian Turk.[1] Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any one who would hazard it.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection, that, while, in the fulness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a

time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.[1]

Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolution of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world.[2] The late Spanish colonies, now independent states, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended our own revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provisions for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established states more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce, at this moment, creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able, by an exchange of commodities, to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations.

A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but itself constitutes the highest and most essential improvement.

When the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little Colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "Continent." Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The southern hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out, in beauty, to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire.

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.[1]

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty

incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is

opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever! [1]

BIOGRAPHICAL.

First Period: Law and Politics in New Hampshire.

1782	Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18.
	Early Education.
1797	Enters Dartmouth College.
1805	Admitted to the Bar, 1805.
	Practises in Boscawen.
1807	Removes to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
1813	Elected to Congress from Portsmouth.
1814–15	The Hartford Convention.

Second Period: Leader at the Bar and in the Forum.

1816	Removes to Boston, Massachusetts.
1817	"The Defence of the Kennistons."
1818	"The Dartmouth College Case."
1820	Massachusetts Convention.
	"First Settlement of New England."
1822	Elected to Congress from Boston.
1825	"The Bunker Hill Monument."

Third Period: Expounder and Defender of the Constitution.

1827	Elected to the Senate from Massachusetts.
1830	"The Reply to Hayne."
1833	"The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States."
1833–34	Removal of the Deposits from the United States Bank.
	Rise of the Whig Party.

1835	Nominated to the Presidency by the Whigs of Massachusetts.
1837	Reception in New York.
1839	Visits England.
1840	Presidential Canvass.
1840–43	Secretary of State.
	Ashburton Treaty.
	Resigns the Department of State.
1844	Re-elected to the Senate from Massachusetts.
1845	"Eulogy on Justice Story."
	Annexation of Texas.
1846	Banquet in Philadelphia.
1850	Seventh of March Speech.
	Secretary of State under President Fillmore.
1852	Public Reception in Boston.
	Last Illness and Death.

ANALYSIS OF PROSE STYLE.

ELEMENTS.

Vocabulary	Peculiarities.
Sentence	Kinds.
Paragraph	Structure.
Imagery	Clearness, Emphasis, Beauty.

QUALITIES.

Intellectual	Clearness	Simplicity. Precision. Balance.
Impassioned . . .	Force	Sublimity. Pathos. Irony.
Artistic	Beauty	Euphony. Rhythm. Harmony.

PROCESSES.

Description . .	Circumstantial. Dynamic. Suggestive.
Narration . .	Historical. Biographical. Dramatic. Creative.
Exposition . .	Intensive. Extensive. Inductive. Deductive.
Persuasion . .	To Thought. To Feeling. To Will.

DIVISIONS.

The Scientific .	"Ministering to one's instinct for knowledge."
The Poetic . .	"Ministering to one's instinct for conduct and beauty."

ESSENTIALS.

"Truth and seriousness of subject."
"Beauty and felicity of form."

The characteristic *Note* of the writer.

NOTES.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

JUNE, 1825.

The following reminiscence of Mr. George Ticknor is of special interest as bearing upon the events which led to the election of Mr. Webster as the orator at the laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

"Mr. Webster was president of the Bunker Hill Association and, as such, presided at the meeting of the trustees when he was appointed. On the evening when he was chosen, being present as one of the trustees, he took me aside, and asked me if I supposed all the trustees would prefer to have him deliver the address. I told him that I thought there was no difference of opinion on the point. I told him that I thought he would fulfil public expectation better than any one else; and that I thought his place rather called on him to perform the duty.

"He often talked with me of the work afterward, and seemed quite anxious about it, especially after it was decided that General Lafayette could be present. A few days before he delivered it, he read it over to me. The magnificent opening gave him much concern; so did the address to Lafayette; but about that to the Revolutionary soldiers and the survivors of the battle, he said that he felt as if he knew how to talk to such men, for that his father, and many of his father's friends whom he had known, had been among them. He said he had known General Stark, and that the last time he saw him was in a tavern in Concord, not long before he died, when he said to him: 'Daniel, your face is pretty black, but it isn't so black as your father's was with gunpowder at the Bennington fight.'"

As early as 1776, the Massachusetts Lodge of Masons, over which General Warren had presided, asked the Government of Massachusetts for

permission to take up his remains, which were buried on the hill the day after the battle, and bury them with the usual solemnities. The request was granted on condition that the government of the colony should be permitted to erect a monument to his memory.

The ceremonies of burial were performed, but no steps were taken to build the monument. General Warren was, at the time of his death, Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges of America, and as nothing had been done toward erecting a memorial, King Solomon's Lodge of Charlestown voted to erect a monument. The land was purchased, and a monument dedicated by the Lodge Dec. 2, 1794. It was a wooden pillar of Tuscan order, eighteen feet high, raised on a pedestal ten feet in height. The pillar was surmounted by a gilt urn. An appropriate inscription was placed on the south side of the pedestal.

The half-century from the date of the battle was at hand, and, despite a resolution of Congress and the efforts of a committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, no suitable monument had been erected by the people. It was then that, at the suggestion of William Tudor, the matter was taken up in earnest and an association was formed known as the Bunker Hill Monument Association. Ground was broken for the monument June 7, 1825. On the morning of the 17th of June, 1825, the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the monument took place. It was a typical June day, and thousands flocked to see the pageant and to hear the greatest orator in the land.

The procession started from the State House at ten o'clock. The military led the van. About two hundred veterans of the Revolution rode in carriages, and among them were forty survivors of the battle. Some wore their old uniform, others various decorations of their service, and some bore the scars of honorable wounds. Following the patriots came the Monument Association, and then the Masonic fraternity to the number of thousands. Then came the noble Frenchman, Lafayette, the admiration of all eyes. Following him were numerous societies with banners and music. The head of the procession touched Charlestown Bridge before the rear had left the State House, and the march was a continual ovation. Arriving at Breed's Hill, the Grand Master of the Masons, Lafayette, and the president of the Monument Association laid the corner-stone, and then moved to the spacious amphitheatre on the northern side of the hill, where the address was delivered by Mr. Webster.

P. 1, l. 7. 1. Compare this introductory paragraph with that of the *First Settlement of New England* and that of the *Reply to Hayne*. How many years elapsed between these successive speeches ?

P. 2, l. 7. 1. Compare this paragraph with that in *First Settlement of New England*, beginning with line 24, page 63. "There is a local feeling," etc.

l. 22. 2. Compare this paragraph with lines 2–28, page 64, — *First Settlement of New England*. "The imagination," etc.

P. 3, l. 7. 1. An account of the voyage of the emigrants to the Maryland Colony is given in the report of Father White, written soon after landing at St. Mary's. The original is preserved by the Jesuits at Rome. Cf. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. I., Ch. X.

l. 9. 2. Compare this paragraph with that in *First Settlement of New England*, page 63, lines 5–23. "Standing in this relation," etc.

l. 18. 3. Mr. Webster was at this time president of the Monument Association.

P 4, l. 27. 1. Cf. page 62, line 19 *et seq.*, in *First Settlement of New England*. "Poetry is found to have," etc.

P. 5, l. 29. 1. Compare this paragraph from line 6, page 5, with the last paragraph of *First Settlement of New England*.

P. 6, l. 13. 1. Even the poetical mind of Webster would not have been equal to the conception that within the century the number would reach sixty millions.

l. 16. 2. "The first railroad on the continent was constructed for the purpose of accelerating this monument." — *Everett*.

P. 7, l. 7. 1. Look up the detail in regard to this topic which Webster gives in *First Settlement of New England*, page 97–112. "It would far exceed," etc.

P. 8, l. 15. 1. The allusion is to the ships about the Charlestown Navy Yard, which is at the base of Breed's Hill.

l. 21. 2. This magnificent address to the "Venerable Men" was composed while Mr. Webster was fishing in Marshpee brook.

P. 9, l. 4. 1. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, V. line 310–311.

l. 17. 2. Cf. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. IV., page 133. A prelude to Warren's patriotism at Bunker Hill is his oration at the Old South Meeting House, commemorating the Boston Massacre. In the presence of British soldiers he said: "Our streets are again filled with

armed men, our harbor is crowded with ships of war, but these cannot intimidate us: my fellow-citizens, you will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle."

P. 11, l. 9. 1. Cf. Burke's speech on *American Taxation.*

P. 12, l. 32. 1. Virgil's *Æneid*, VI., 726. Compare Burke's use of the same in his speech on *American Taxation*, page 13, line 13.

P. 14, l. 9. 1. Cf. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. IV., Ch. XIV.

l. 22. 2. General Lafayette had arranged his progress through the other States so that he might be present on the 17th.

P. 19, l. 32. 1. Compare this paragraph with that in *First Settlement of New England*, page 90, line 24. "With the Revolution," etc.

P. 21, l. 22. 1. Homer's *Iliad*, Book XVII.

P. 22, 13. 1. In Mr. Webster's speech on the *Greek Revolution*, made on 19th January, 1824, he said: "Christianity and civilization have labored together; it seems, indeed, to be a law of our common condition, that they can live and flourish only together."

Benjamin Kidd in his great work, *Social Evolution*, expresses this same idea, when he says: "The Evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character." Ch. IX., page 245.

P. 23, l. 5. 1. Compare this paragraph, from page 22, line 29, with that on page 118, line 4, in *First Settlement of New England.* "Finally, let us," etc.

l. 10. 2. In the Speech on the *Greek Revolution*, Mr. Webster said: "There is an important topic in the message to which I have yet hardly alluded. I mean the rumored combination of the European continental sovereigns against the newly established free States of South America. Whatever position this government may take on that subject, I trust it will be one which can be defended on known and acknowledged grounds of right. The near approach or the remote distance of danger may affect policy but cannot change principle."

P. 24, l. 24. 1. Compare this paragraph with that in *First Settlement of New England*, page 118, lines 14–29. "The hours of this day," etc.

P. 26, l. 20. 1. Compare this paragraph with that in *Reply to Hayne*, page 233, line 5–page 234, line 9, "I have not allowed myself," etc.; *Constitution not a Compact*, page 251, lines 15–26. "Sir, I love liberty," etc.

Great as the Plymouth Oration was acknowledged to be by all, the Bunker Hill Address was a distinct advance upon it, both in the scope of the ideas and in the skill with which they are wrought into an organic whole. It is more compact, more picturesque, more vigorous, more finished. In this field of oratory, Mr. Webster probably has never had any equal in the English-speaking world.

Mr. Everett said of the Address: "From such an orator as Mr. Webster, on such a platform, on such a theme, in the flower of his age, and the maturity of his faculties, discoursing upon an occasion of transcendent interest, and kindling with the enthusiasm of the day and the spot, it might well be regarded as an intellectual treat of the highest order. Happy the eyes that saw that most glorious gathering! Happy the ears that heard that heart-stirring strain!"

Lafeyette wrote to Webster on the 28th of December, 1825, from La Grange, saying: "Your Bunker Hill has been translated into French, and other languages, to the very great profit of European readers."

Mr. Hillard, in his *Eulogy on Webster*, says: "His occasional discourses rise above the rest of their class, as the Bunker Hill Monument soars above the objects around it."

Mr. Choate, in his address to the students of Dartmouth College, in 1853, in that sublime paragraph in which he reviews the history of oratory and contrasts the eloquence of despair with the eloquence of hope, says: "Let the downward age of America find its orators, and poets, and artists, to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the rock, the monument, the capitol, and bid the distant generations hail."

References. — Curtis's *Life of Webster*, Ch. XI.; Everett's *Memoir*, in Vol. I. of Webster's Works; Lodge's *Webster*, Ch. IV.; Memorial of Webster, Mr. Hillard's and Mr. Choate's Address; J. Fiske's *The American Revolution*; E. P. Whipple's *Daniel Webster*, in Vol. I., *Essays and Reviews;* E. P. Whipple's *Webster as a Master of English Style, American Literature;* H. N. Hudson's *Address on the 100th Anniversary of Webster's Birth* (Ginn & Co.); Peter Harvey's *Reminiscences of Webster; Select Speeches of Daniel Webster* (ed. George).

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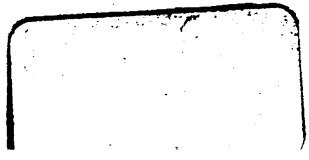
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